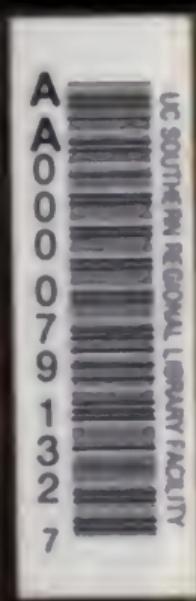


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Edward Noakes



The Inquisition.

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THE
INQUISITION,
OR
TALE OF VAREZ;
AND OTHER
Poems.

By LIEUT. R. N. KELLY,
ROYAL NAVY.

LONDON:

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A D D R E S S.

IT is not without some degree of timidity the Author presumes to offer this Work to the notice of the Public; nor does he now do it from any motives of vanity, or with any hopes of establishing his reputation as a poet: it is the humble efforts of his Muse, the gleanings of his mind, during the short interval of relaxation his professional duties have allowed him; a profession that affords but little time for literary pursuits: but having been, of late years, placed in a situation that enabled him to witness the ex-

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traordinary efforts made by the Spanish Patriots to restore their Monarch to the throne, he could not, without surprise and abhorrence, view the present system adopted by that Government; and as few have made greater exertions in the general cause than the celebrated MINA, so few have felt with greater severity the monster of ingratitude, and the rod of oppression. Fully aware of the commiseration excited in the feeling minds of this Country towards the unfortunate sufferers, he has wished to pourtray the extent of it in the most glowing colours; and with this view, has rather studied energy of expression, than poetical beauties; trust-

ing more to the subject, than the style, for its favorable reception.

At a time when Poetry has reached to such an unlimited extent, it would be almost needless to aim at originality.

“ —— 'Tis the sad complaint, and almost true,

“ Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.”

In fact, Poetry is a trodden path, that few can expect to wander in without falling into the footsteps of some predecessor.

As it has been the Author's wish to delineate in this Work, the present system of War, he has endeavoured to trace the army, from the camp to the parade, from the parade to the contest, from the contest to the

council, from the council to the retreat, and ultimately to the defeat; how far he has succeeded in the design, must be left to the judgment of others. It has not been his intention to make the Hero of his piece a perfect character; he rather wished to draw from nature, and represent the Spanish disposition as it is really found to exist—fierce, brave, revengeful, with high notions of honor, and occasionally a ray of generosity breaking out: these have been his designs; and for the execution of them, he has the temerity to submit to the decision of the world.

ARGUMENT.

ALONZO having fought under MINA, during the late contest between France and Spain, returns to his home; he relates to his wife his joining the camp; the feelings excited in his mind at its first appearance; morning parade and ensuing battle; death of CAMINO and CORTEZ, two of the chiefs; defeat of the enemy; deliberations at the council of war; the army commences a retreat during the night, in consequence of the arrival of another French force; at day-light find themselves surrounded by the enemy; MINA's desperate effort—they endeavour to defend a town, but are ultimately overthrown; MINA escapes; is accompanied in his flight by ALONZO; the remainder of the Spanish forces surrender, and his tale concludes relating the death of CAMINO's son. ALONZO having retired to rest, is alarmed by a body of armed men entering his house; they acquaint him he is summoned to appear before the Inquisition, accused of being a partisan of MINA, who has now rebelled; one of the guards

having struck his wife, enraged, he puts him to death ;
ALONZO is borne away ; death of ALICE his wife ; his
trial and execution.

The Poem is supposed to be written by VAREZ, the
father of ALONZO.

THE
INQUISITION.

THE ruthless war, whose dreaded tyrant hand
Had hurl'd destruction o'er IBERIA's land,
Had ceas'd ; no longer now the din of arms,
Rais'd in the mind perpetual alarmis ;
No longer GALLIA's fierce invading host,
Triumphant wav'd their banners round the coast ;
The patriotic sons of conqu'ring SPAIN,
Now hope their long-lost freedom to regain ;
For it they fought, for it their brothers fell,
Whilst "fight for freedom" was their last farewell ;

“ We die in glory, but revenge our fall—
“ 'Tis SPAIN demands you answer to the call.”
Such were the words that, as they clos'd their eyes,
Broke forth in struggling, and in dying sighs ;
Such were the words we echo'd with applause,
“ We fight for freedom, and our country's cause.”
But is it so ? Alas, alas, poor SPAIN !
Your heroes fought, and fell, and bled in vain ;
Ye drove a host of tyrants from your land,
But plac'd their weapons in a single hand.
Ah ! breaking heart, again your sorrows flow,
Again awaken at this tale of woe ;
They're father's tears, shed for an only son—
But GOD decreed it, his will must be done ;
I murmur not, though with my griefs opprest ;
What Heaven wills, is ever for the best.

ALONZO now, escap'd the battle's strife,
Press'd home to see his children, and his wife.
(No soldier he, but that his loyal breast
Disdain'd to see his native land oppress'd ;
His king demanded what his zeal could do,
The call was honour, at the sound he flew.)
I need not say, what joyful hopes arise,
What pleasure sparkles in his manly eyes,
What tender thoughts steal o'er his anxious mind,
For those dear objects that he left behind :
Each mile he travels, seems a league in length,
Each step renew's his almost sinking strength.
But wherefore paint what ev'ry one must know,
Whom fate impels from home and friends to go :
To quit the scenes of all their youthful days,
The lov'd companions of their boyish plays ;

And above all, to quit a tender wife,
The joy, the hope, and solace of their life ?
While falt'ring, pausing, agitating fears
Lay manhood dormant in a woman's tears ;
Oft will they stop, and move, and stop again—
They try to check their feelings, but in vain :
Now from the summit of some neighbouring height,
Their cottage chimneys strike upon the sight ;
The rest is hid beneath the spreading trees,
That wave majestic in the sullen breeze ;
The chimneys also vanish from the scene,
The smoke alone remaining to be seen ;
Still will they view it as a sacred trace,
That in their heart must occupy a place ;
It leads their fancy to the cheerful fire,
Where, from their work, they wonted to retire ;

Their prattling young ones playing by their side,
Their mothers darlings, and their fathers pride ;
Once more they stop, to wave a last adieu,
Once more they look, all's lost unto the view.
So when the trav'ler to his home draws nigh,
Some well-known objects meet his searching eye ;
An ancient ruin, or a distant mill,
Or fav'rite willow o'er the murmur'ring rill ;
His soul seems lost, and rushing on his mind,
He feels sensations of no common kind.
Thus did Alonzo's take a sportive flight,
As homeward-bound, he journey'd through the
night :
Calm was the scene, all nature seem'd at rest,
All was unruffled, but the trav'ler's breast ;
Alternate hopes, and timid doubts arise,
And ev'n in hope, involuntary sighs.

So the rough seaman, when rude storms portend,
Hails the bright sun, his renovating friend ;
Cheer'd by the ray, once more he spreads the sail,
Expands his wings, and scuds before the gale :
But the clouds low'ring, mocking all his hope,
Resign'd, he gives the elements their scope.
The moon, which now unclouded shed her light,
Shot her bright beams on Tarragona's* height ;
ALORNO sees it, hears the distant bell—
The sight, the sound, his anxious steps impel ;
Another mile, then luxury of rest !
His wife, his children, folded to his breast.
Pass on, my muse, o'er this last mile of road,
And view our trav'ler reaching his abode ;

* A sea-port town of the province of Catalonia,
built on the side, and at the foot of a high hill.

But, O ! what pen could dignify the scene ?
Paint the wild raptures, and the joyous mien ?
Joy that shot forth in tears of gay delight,
But tears that added lustre to the sight.
Like the mild showers of an April day
That gently fall amidst the solar ray ;
Yet at their close, the verdure will be seen
More gay and blooming in its vernal green.
Ye whose warm hearts have felt the tender force
Of love's unbounded animating source ;
Whose minds, exalted above low desires,
Have known the servor of those ardent fires ;
Where soul meets soul, and heart to heart is bound,
'Till one soul only, and one heart are found ;
You only can, by inward feelings taught,
Imagine scenes that leap the bounds of thought ;

Where reason takes a momentary flight,
And fairer fortune hides her from the sight.
Such were ALONZO's, such his youthful bride,
Their wonted tasks, the silent tongues denied ;
Their eyes alone, more active in the part,
Spoke to the soul, the language of the heart.
His infant babes, unconscious of their sire,
In fright behind their mother's chair retire ;
Till his kind looks the stranger reconcile,
And pleas'd, they greet their father with a smile.
Delirious joy now ceas'd, with placid mien
The anxious wife inquires of all he'd seen ;
What battles fought, what hardships undergone,
What wounds receiv'd, and what great vict'ries
won ?
While he, with valiant manliness of pride,
Prepares to tell, and seats him by her side.

“ Those who’ve ne’er known the noisy din of war,
Or knowing, only heard it from afar,
Can ill conceive the horror, and the woes,
When rank with rank, and man with man oppose ;
When wounded, dead, and dying strew the ground,
And heap’d promiscuous o’er the field are found ;
While the brave heroes, scorning to complain,
Still rush on death to gain a soldier’s name.

Oh ! little thought I, when by honor led,
I bade adieu to this my native shed ;
To thee, my ALICE, though so lately bless’d,
I scarcely knew the treasure I possess’d ;
War’s glory seem’d a gem before my sight,
And laurell’d honors fill’d me with delight ;
Vain sound ! that mocks when nearer we approach,
And leaves the victim nought but self-reproach.

But what avails? by duty call'd away,
The summons own'd, 'twas duty to obey.
On NAVARRE's plains I join'd the warlike band,
And there encamp'd, brave MINA held command;
Th' undaunted ardour of whose manly soul,
Diffus'd itself with vigour through the whole.
Brave chosen few! (for few, alas! remain,
To count their wounds, and weep for comrades
slain;)
Do not your hearts participate with mine,
And pay a tribute to the hero's shrine?
When, from afar, I first beheld the scene,
Of tented houses, stretching o'er the green;
And the bright weapons, glitt'ring in the rays,
Shoot forth the lustre of a cresset blaze;
My soul enwrapt with wonder at the sight,
My cares, and ev'n my thoughts of home took flight;

Such is th' effect upon a youthful mind—
War's beauties, honors, render reason blind;
The gaudy trappings take us by surprise,
'Till time removes the bandage from our eyes.
Now near approach'd the sentries posted round,
To guard each passage to the tented ground;
My business known, they welcome me with thanks,
And, soon enroll'd, receive me in their ranks.
Too soon, alas! my kind, my tender wife,
I felt the hardships of a soldier's life;
No social friends appear'd to cheer my mind,
A sigh escap'd for those I left behind.
With bursting heart, I mix'd among the throng,
That heedless danc'd, or join'd in festive song;
Each face contented, seem'd to bless his lot,
His cares, and e'en his dangers, all forgot.

Night now obtrudes, the busy scene to close ;
Some seek their tents, and stretch them to repose ;
On the bare ground, uncover'd, lay them down,
Th' intrepid inmates of a canvass town :
Others, in arms, t' assume the picket's ground,*
Move from the camp, encompass it around ;
The blazing wood displays its distant light,†
And at each post illumines the growing night ;
Before the fires the wakeful guards regale,
Toast their fair friends, and pass the merry tale ;

* Pickets are additional guards, mounted in camps and garrisons, generally at the close of day.

† It is usual in camps for the pickets, as soon as they have taken their respective posts, to light fires, round which they sit for the night ; they also serve to prevent a surprise.

Some as videttes the advanc'd posts supply,*
And keep the watch with trusty vigil eye ;
There as they pace the circumscribed bounds,
With dull monotony, " All's well," resounds.
Night's stillness come, the universal gloom,
To all my retrospect gave ample room ;
Sad contemplation rul'd, with tyrant sway,
As tedious hours pass'd heavily away ;
While fancy, with fantastic malice fraught,
Awaken'd 'membrance to some tender thought :
Like airy dreams, past objects would arise,
And present seem before my waking eyes ;

* Videttes are the advanced sentries of observation, and usually horsemen.

Then would I think of all your anxious cares,
Behold you prostrate, off'ring up your pray'rs ;
And, with sad gloomy apprehensions fill'd,
Implore some saint to be Alonzo's shield.
The morning dawns, and with the rising sun,
Throughout the camp, beats forth the matin
drum ;
The soldiers rise, and, soon in arms array'd,
In groups assemble, to await parade ;
At distance seen, the leading chiefs appear,
Again the drum resounds through ev'ry ear ;
Each takes his post, extends in warlike rank,
And floating standards wave from flank to flank :*

* The flanks are the extreme ends of the line.

On either wing,* th' emblazon'd horsemen shine,
 Secure the flanks, and terminate the line;
 While warlike music's animating strain,
 In swelling notes, re-echoes o'er the plain,
 And, like th' effect of some magician's charms,
 Six thousand men at once salute their arms.
 The chieftains next inspect their various troops,
 Who, thus detach'd, parade in diff'rent groups;
 Some form the hollow, some the solid square,†
 Some move in line, and for the charge prepare;
 Here th' expert rifles creep along the ground,
 Then rise, and o'er the hedgy ambush bound;

* The wings of an army are that part occupying the positions from centre to flanks.

† Bodies of men are usually formed into squares to resist the attack of cavalry.

The trumpet sounds, the distant horse advance,
The nimble steeds beneath their riders prance ;
Some move to right, and some to left incline,
Then wheel by files, and retrograde in line :
At little distance, where the rising mound
O'erlook'd the plain, and neighb'ring country round,
MINA, spectator of the active scene,
Arrang'd the movements on the martial green ;
Around him plac'd, awaiting his command,
Of chosen horse-men a selected band ;
From post to post with orders they proceed,
From post to post they ply the fleet steed ;
The chief is seen above the rest to tower,
His undrawn sword, sole emblem of his power ;*

* The commanding officers upon military parades, usually keep their swords sheathed when exercising the troops.

No brilliant stars adorn'd his valiant breast,
 He bore his honors in a soldier's vest ;
 His manners simple, as his soul was great,
 He scorn'd the idle grandeur of his state :
 Methinks I see him in victorious fight,
 His manly features beaming with delight,
 Enthusiastic ardor in his eye,
 That seem'd to say, 'I conquer or I die !'
 Thus have I shown how ev'ry day is pass'd,
 And each succeeds unvaried as the last ;
 Except when toilsome marches intervene,
 Or dire alarms, or battle change the scene :
 Such was the case, on this first bloody day,
 And all I've told, like prologue to a play :
 For now th' alarm guns from the out-posts fire,
 Th' advanc'd videttes, with quicken'd haste retire ;*

* When videttes discover an enemy advancing, they

Seen from the camp too, clouds of dust arise,
And darken'd air appears before our eyes ;
The shout of war is quickly heard around,
Drums, trumpets, bugles, join in martial sound ;
Here to one post the destin'd horsemen bend,
And here the foot are station'd to defend ;
The murd'rous cannon climb the rising ground,
Where sand-bags* form an artificial mound ;
Their pointed muzzles sweep the plain below,
And threaten death to each advancing foe ;

give the alarm by firing, and retire upon the next line
of sentries.

* Small canvass bags, filled with clay or sand, are used
to throw up temporary fortifications, or to strengthen
former ones that may have been injured by shot.

The levell'd trees next, scatter'd all about,^{*}
 Still add defence, and check the hostile rout;
 These cross'd the road, with branches stretching
 wide,
 And all th' attacks of num'rous hosts defied;
 Upbroken too, by corps of pioneers,[†]
 At length no vestige of a road appears.
 Thus on the right was ev'ry pass secured,
 Its guard a band long time to war lured;
 And brave ALVAREZ station'd to command,
 Awaited here th' oppressors of his land.

* This is a measure generally resorted to, to impede the advance of the enemy when an army intends to act upon the defensive.

† Pioneers are corps of men exclusively employed for these kind of purposes.

The central force, by old CAMINO led,
Of foot compos'd, o'er sedgy fields were spread ;
In front a marsh, and hedgy ground appear'd,
Behind a church's armed steeple rear'd :
'Tis thus when war has spread her baneful blast,
E'en hallow'd domes must feel the shock at last ;
Religion 's lost beneath the gloomy shade,
Her temples oft-times slaughter-houses made.*
Far on the left, a wide extended plain,
The trusty horse were order'd to maintain ;
Their only safety in their valor lay,
And on them hung the fortunes of the day.

* During the late contest in Spain, the convents, churches, and other religious houses, have frequently become an object of contention.

O ! could I tell how valiantly they fought,
What great achievements, and what deeds they
wrought ;

How youthful CORTEZ led them on the foe,
Till more than half their numbers were laid low.

MIXA, with looks expressive of delight,
Beholds the near approaching hour of fight ;

Impatient waits, and as the hosts advance,
Serenely views the waving flags of France ;

Then with perspective estimates their force,
Their various movements, and their destin'd course ;

Next to his own embattled line he draws,
To animate them in the glorious cause ;

From right to left he passes through the ranks,
Reminds of past exploits, renew's his thanks ;

Speaks of the laurels they 've already gain'd,
And points the place where more must be attain'd.

I need not say how ev'ry bosom grew
With martial ardor, at the chieftain's view ;
The warlike courage rose in ev'ry soul,
Like frenzied rage, impatient of control ;
Ev'n coward hearts were now courageous grown,
And felt their valor equal to his own.
Grand was the scene now come within my view,
The plain appear'd a mass of moving blue ;
And, to add lustre to the novel sight,
The sun had just o'eropp'd a neighb'ring height ;
Gilt by the beams, the uprear'd eagles shine,
And floating banners wave along the line ;
Far as the eye could o'er the plain extend,
Successive hosts appearing without end ;
Some through the valley move, in close array,
Where marshy grounds, in vain, obstruct their
way ;

Some lighter troops through thickest ambush creep,
And then ascending, climb a lofty steep ;
Fatigued, they make a momentary stop,
Then drag the heavy cannon to its top ;
And next descending with a rapid flight,
Extend in line, to threaten on our right :
ALVAREZ saw their well-directed plan,
And here the dreadful work of death began ;
His unmask'd cannon's sanguinary fire,*
Force the advancing column to retire ;
Their numbers thinn'd, on ev'ry side they fly,
Nor dare again a second onset try.
Next on the church their fiercest vengeance falls,
And fifty cannon play against the walls ;

* Cannon is said to be unmasked when not concealed by the breastwork behind which it stands.

The rocky splinters* scatter terror round,
'Till the vast pile is level with the ground :
Those plac'd within, too, obstinately brave,
Scorn to desert, and meet a stony grave.
But now the battle close and closer grows,
And through the whole extent, both lines oppose ;
From right to left the clouds of smoke arise,
And artificial thunder rends the skies ;
From right to left the valiant MINA speeds,
And sets th' example to heroic deeds ;
Where most the danger, there the Chief appears,
And the glad troops receive him with their cheers.
Doubtful long time the contest we maintain,
And neither side can much advantage gain ;

* The term splinter is technically applied to any fragment thrown off a body by the concussion of shot.

From both the ranks the angry bullets fly,
And hundreds bleeding, for their country die ;
A fatal one, arm'd with the sting of death,
Depriv'd the old CAMINO of his breath.

‘ ‘Tis done,’ he cried, ‘ it was ordain'd by fate ;
‘ I die content, if vict'ry is complete.’

At length the central forces nearer close,
And with the bay'net threaten to oppose.

CAMINO's son, a candidate for fame,
To lead his valiant father's heroes, came ;
Push'd on by vengeance for his fallen sire,
He scorns the chances of a random fire ;
But rushes on, 'till the close bay'nets lock,
And both the columns feel the dreadful shock :
Awhile undaunted stood the hostile foe ;
At length they fled, to shun the fatal blow.

Here thy ALONZO's fortunes 'gan to smile ;
 Careless of death, I forc'd a centre file ;
 In vain did others fill the vacant space,
 I bore the standard from the guarded place ;*
 My comrades stood applauding at the sight,
 And rush'd to cover† my retreating flight.
 Thus by the right and centre post defied,
 They once more try to change the battle's tide ;
 Where the left wing, by valiant CORTEZ led,
 The mounted troops, on level ground were spread ;
 And here, at last, they essay to assail,
 Nor doubt their outstretch'd numbers must prevail.

* The colours are always placed in the centre of the the regiment to which they belong, and an additional guard stationed for their defence.

† Technically used as, assist, or protect.

Vain were their hopes ! yet dreadful task to tell,
What num'rous heroes in the contest fell ;
Dear-bought the glories of this bloody field !
For here some hundreds' final doom was seal'd.
When horse meet horse, 'tis then the battle roars,
'Tis then the human blood in torrents pours ;
No children's play, no distant cannonade,
But man 'gainst man, exerts his shining blade.
Such was the contest raging on the left,
Helmets and swords on ev'ry side were clest ;
Now we retreat, again our troops prevail ;
Again we charge, again our efforts fail :
CORTEZ, brave youth, led on the daring band,
And dealt death round him with a chieftain's hand ;
None could withstand the hero in the fight,
Where'er he came th' astonish'd foe took flight ;

Wound after wound, with philosophic mind
He meets, and yields him to his fate resign'd :
At length his valour overcomes their force,
And gen'ral flight becomes their last resource ;
Swift he pursues them, o'er the pathless plain,
And all the horsemen follow in his train.

Unhappy youth ! for now his nimble steed
By far outstripp'd the other horses' sped ;
Singly advancing, with the rear he clos'd,
And unsupported, their whole host oppos'd :
But now, alas ! a vengeful bullet flew,
And pierc'd the breast where val'rous merit grew.

His frantic men, oppress'd with rage and grief,
Arrive, and see their much-lov'd bleeding chief ;
' CORTEZ no more !' with anguish they exclaim,
' Vengeance is due to his exalted name ;

‘ You vanquish’d host shall feed the hungry earth,
‘ And CORTEZ triumph in the arms of death.’

But even now, once more the contest grows,
Successive troops arriving to oppose ;

The flying foe are slacken’d in their pace,
And hazard yet retrieving their disgrace,

Their courage strengthen’d by the fatal blow
That laid IBERIA’s greatest glory low :

Again they halt, again renew th’ attack,
And once more drive our weary horsemen back ;

Doubtful the battle longer seem’d to rest,
On ev’ry side our gallant men were press’d.

They face and fight, then wheeling, feign retreat,
‘ Then face gain, th’ advancing foe to meet :

MINA at length led on a chosen band,
And flew to save those heroes of his land ;

Th' intrepid chief rush'd in upon their ranks,
Turn'd in their rear, and circumscrib'd their flanks;
Back they recoil, with wonder and affright,
And once more take to ignominious flight:
Yet well they fought, nor did their forces yield,
Till half their men lay slaughter'd on the field:
With day the battle ceas'd, the work of death
Suspended was, and gave the soldiers breath:
The danger past, the weary troops attend,
T' inter some comrade, or much-valued friend:
Methinks I yet behold the dismal sight,
Of hundreds buried by the torches' light;
No priests attend, no awful death-bell tolls,
No pray'rs, or fun'ral service for their souls:
Methinks I hear the wounded dying groans,
The horrid shrieks, and inarticulate moans;

On ev'ry side the mangled bodies lay,
For full two thousand fell this fatal day ;
In glory fell, nor ought you now repine,
In such a cause, had such a fate been mine.
Thus, for twelve hours, had we whole hosts with-
stood,
And vainly hop'd for much resulting good ;
But now, throughout the camp th' alarm is spread,
Fresh numbers come, by cruel SUCHET led ;*
Ere the sun set they'd gain'd the mountain's
height,
And there encamp'd, lay resting for the night.

* The excesses committed by this marshal, in the southern provinces of Spain, are too generally known to render any comment on this passage necessary.

All faces seem'd absorb'd in anxious care,
And shouts of joy gave way to black despair ;
MINA alone, with calmness heard the news,
And call'd the chiefs t' acquaint them with his
views ;
To counsel summon'd, where they might debate,
And point out measures to avert their fate ;
I, posted sentry near the place, o'erheard
What each by turns advising, there preferr'd ;
First MINA rose, and in these terms express'd,
What in his judgment seem'd to argue best.
Assembled chiefs, think not though here you're
call'd,
That I by yonder armies am appall'd ;
But all embark'd in one same common cause,
We all would seek to share our king's applause ;

- ‘ For him we fight, his fortunes are our own,
- ‘ Nor must we rest 'till he regains his throne ;
- ‘ Then will his heart with gratitude repay
- ‘ The gallant victors of this glorious day :
- ‘ Nor should the honor rest alone on me,
- ‘ Our common danger levels all degree ;
- ‘ Let our united councils then decide,
- ‘ And trust in Heaven as a surer guide.
- ‘ Ye all have seen, since this day's rising sun,
- ‘ The great achievements by our heroes won ;
- ‘ Ye all have led them with a zeal conjoint,
- ‘ And pluck'd your laurels from the bay'net's point;
- ‘ I saw, and now most sensibly must feel,
- ‘ The honors due t' your patriotic zeal ;
- ‘ Yet, my brave friends, this vict'ry to obtain,
- ‘ One half our forces, and two leaders slain :

- ‘ Those gallant chiefs the heroes’ page shall swell,
- ‘ For SPAIN they fought, for SPAIN they nobly
 fell ;
- ‘ And ev’ry soldier, to his country dear,
- ‘ That this day bled, must claim his country’s tear.
- ‘ But now behold another force draws near,
- ‘ And must o’erwhelm us if we linger here ;
- ‘ By numbers hemm’d, ’twere madness to remain,
- ‘ Our best resistance would but prove in vain :
- ‘ By retrograding we may yet prevail,
- ‘ By fighting here we certainly shall fail ;
- ‘ The Catalonian mountains should we gain,
- ‘ Fresh hopes, fresh men, fresh succours we’ll
 obtain :
- ‘ But should they follow, great must be our loss,
- ‘ Ere we succeed these level plains to cross ;

- The task requires a soldier's best resource,
 - To move successful from so great a force ;
 - No rising grounds, and but few towns appear,
 - Where some might halt, and thus protect our rear :*
 - Hence I must think, that should we move in mass,
 - We scarce might hope to reach the mountain's pass.
-

• When a retreating army is closely pursued, the rear guard generally take advantage of any favorable position to make a stand and check the advance of the enemy, thus giving time for the heavy troops to gain some distance. In Sir John Moore's unfortunate retreat, his rear was almost daily engaged with the enemy.

‘ Great bodies take more time, and larger track,
‘ And offer fairer prospect of attack ;
‘ Where horse assail a fast-retreating corps,
‘ Their case becomes more desp’rate than before :
‘ Therefore I think less hazard will be found
‘ To march by small divisions from the ground ;
‘ Then each may by a diff’rent passage go,
‘ Such various movements may deceive the foe ;
‘ Nor dare they risk their army to divide,
‘ For armed peasants threaten on each side ;
‘ Ten days from hence we will collect again,
‘ And try once more to organize fresh men ;
‘ But if o’erpower’d, as a last resource,
‘ We’ll form a junction with D’EROLLES’s* force.

*. Baron D’Erolles, a Spanish general of considerable talents and bravery, who commanded a force in Catalonia.

‘ ALVAREZ, speak :’ the gallant Chief arose,
And thus began his measures to disclose :
‘ MINA, my chieftain, hard indeed ‘s our plight,
‘ To choose ‘twixt death and retrograding flight ;
‘ And for myself, ere but one foot I’d yield,
‘ I’d stretch my lifeless body on the field ;
‘ But we must own a yet superior call,
‘ Nor let our country, by our rashness fall ;
‘ SPAIN views us guardians of her sinking state,
‘ And EUROPE’s doom depends upon her fate.
‘ A soldier bravely can meet wounds or death,
‘ And sink with honor to his native earth ;
‘ No more is sought for from a private man,
‘ His duty rests upon a simple plan ;
‘ Obedient courage is the full extent,
‘ He fights, nor cares the motives or event :

- ‘ But leaders want a more exalted mind,
- ‘ And ask for valor of another kind ;
- ‘ ’Tis not enough that in the fight they bear
- ‘ A soldier’s part, and all his dangers share ;
- ‘ ’Tis in the council that the Chief must shine,
- ‘ ’Tis there he bows to reputation’s shrine ;
- ‘ ’Tis there he plants the laurels he may reap,
- ‘ Or sinks his vent’rous vessel to the deep :
- ‘ And yet one point, that needs the firmest heart,
- ‘ Where wounded honor feels th’ envenom’d dart ;
- ‘ Where self-made generals presume to scan,
- ‘ And o’er their chimneys some great movements
plan ;
- ‘ Condemn some former enterprize, and then
- ‘ Fight, and refight, our battles o’er again.

- Thus 'tis commanders suffer ev'ry day,
- While soul aspersion sweeps their fame away ;
- Though oft victorious, should one effort fail,
- Their former fortunes are of no avail ;
- Though you to-day have gain'd a hero's name,
- To-morrow beaten, and the world defame :
- A chief should therefore treat with just disdain,
- And deem alike, their praise and censures vain ;
- Form all his plans with rectitude of heart,
- And, self-acquitted, feel he'd done his part.
- Here we are met, with wisdom to decide,
- What best may prove to check this hostile tide ;
- You argue well advising to retreat,
- No other measure seems at present meet ;
- But I must differ in the destin'd course,
- Nor deem it prudent to divide our force ;

‘ The risk is great, and should our junction fail,
 ‘ Our scatter’d troops must suffer in detail :*
 ‘ But if we keep united in a mass,
 ‘ We yet may hold the CATALONIAN pass ;
 ‘ Or if hard press’d, ere long, the gallant BLAKE†
 ‘ May by advancing some diversion make. ‡
 ‘ If to my counsel you would now incline,
 ‘ ’Twere best the night should favor our design ;

* An army is said to be beaten in detail, when, by being separated into smaller divisions, they are defeated without being able to co-operate or assist each other.

† Now engineer-general of Spain; he for a long time bravely, though unfortunately, commanded a force in the South; his repeated defeats at length excited a strong suspicion that he was a traitor to the cause.

‡ An army is said to make a diversion, when, by any movement, they draw the attention of the enemy from their principal object of operation.

- No time to lose, I'd instant march away,
- And gain some miles before returning day :
- A few may stop to keep the fires alight,
- And thus conceal our movements for the night.'

ALVAREZ ended, young CAMINO rose,
Impatient all their measures to oppose.

- What !' cried the youth, 'is this our boasted zeal ?
- Ask inwards, Chiefs, and to your hearts appeal ;
- Is this the fruit of all our glorious toil ?
- Is this the way to free our native soil ?
- Is this the vengeance due my fallen Sire ?
- Revenge, revenge, is now my fond desire !
- Courage, my Chiefs, and let your hopes arouse,
- Nor tear the late-pluck'd laurels from our brows ;
- Seal not yourselves the crisis of your shame,
- And by one act blot out your former fame :

- ‘ Thank Heav’n ! our fortunes are not yet so low,
- ‘ To fly ignobly from a vanquish’d foe ;
- ‘ My soul recoils, and sickens at the thought,
- ‘ My father’s shades, my name commands me not ;
- ‘ I’m sprung from Sires of ancient, noble race,
- ‘ Who never yet have learn’d to bear disgrace ;
- ‘ Shall I then, heir of generations’ fame,
- ‘ Obscure at once their glory and their name ?
- ‘ What hinders now that we should arm once more,
- ‘ And fight, and conquer, as we’ve done before ?
- ‘ In yonder camp, where Marshal SUCHET lies,
- ‘ Why not attempt their forces to surprize ?
- ‘ In numbers great, they think themselves secure ;
- ‘ Their guards relax’d, our victory is sure ;
- ‘ Then let us not procrastinate the time,
- ‘ Or lose a moment in the great design :

• Five hundred men can menace on the right,
 • And drive the pickets from the western height ;
 • Five hundred more may on the left appear,
 • There make a feint, and penetrate in rear ;
 • I with one thousand will advance in front,
 • For there must rest the battle's fiercest brunt ;
 • Let all the danger, all the risk be mine—
 • What say you, Chiefs? which way do you incline?"'

Thus spoke the youth, whose zeal knew no control,

No sense of danger shook his ardent soul ;

But all condemn'd so rash an enterprize,

Which inexperience only could devise.

Many more spoke ; but now my post reliev'd,

I laid me down, exhausted and fatigued ;

Employ'd all day in sanguinary fight,

And posted sentry more than half the night ;

Not long I'd rested ere the drum was beat,
And all assembled to commence retreat :
Some light troops first as scouts led on the way,
And foot, in columns, made the next array ;
Then carts with wounded form'd in double tier,
The horse, and cannon, bringing up the rear.
Thus we mov'd on, nor saw the fatal snare,
Or sad catastroph' we were doom'd to share :
The wily French, who knew our weaken'd force,
Judg'd to decamp, would be our last resource ;
With this impress'd, they sent a num'rous host,
By countermarches, to secure each post ;
And thus surrounding counteract our hopes,
And make an easy conquest of our troops.
When morning's beams had ting'd the eastern sky,
Th' advancing guards an armed force descry ;

With joy we hail the prospect of relief,
Nor doubt it succours from some other chief;
Once more we think emancipation near,
And greet the foe with universal cheer;
Some say 'tis DONNELL,* others think it BLAKE,
But soon, alas ! discover the mistake :
For now on either side a thicket lies,
From whence the hissing rifle bullet flies ;
Man after man receives a fatal ball,
And sad confusion spreads itself through all ;
On ev'ry side we turn our anxious eyes,
On ev'ry side fresh dangers seem to rise :
But MINA now appear'd, a godlike man,
And coolly form'd the sole remaining plan ;

* A Spanish general who distinguished himself by several gallant exploits in the southern provinces.

- ‘ Advance to charge,’ the gallant hero cries,
- ‘ And cut your way where yonder column lies;*
- ‘ Behind a town, which we must try to gain,
- ‘ And there our shatter’d forces yet maintain.’

The order giv’n, receiv’d with loud applause,
And all prepare to die in honor’s cause.

Who would not burn with more than human fire,
With such a Chief appearing to inspire?

O ! had you seen how this exploit was done,
What feats perform’d by old CAMINO’s son ;
He led us on, ’till forc’d on ev’ry side :
Th’ astonish’d French at length their lines divide ;

* When an army is surrounded, it is generally the last desperate effort to endeavour to fight their way through some part of the enemy’s line.

Quickly we pass, and gain the destin'd town;
As quick they follow, now more furious grown;
No quarter given by this savage crew,
Death seem'd the only prospect in our view:
The town, long time we essay'd to maintain;
But 'gainst such numbers, courage was in vain;
At ev'ry point fresh columns they display,
At ev'ry point our weaken'd corps give way;
The flatten'd roofs afford a last retreat,^{*}
And slaughter'd numbers fall in ev'ry street:
MINA still hopes some succours to obtain,
And tries t' escape unseen across the plain;

* The roofs of the houses in Spain are flat, and in many instances became the last rallying-point of the unfortunate inhabitants.

Some few attend him, I amongst the rest,
Wounded, exhausted, and with pain opprest.

ALVAREZ, now succeeding to command,
Was forc'd to yield his small remaining band ;
But brave CAMINO still with valor fought,
Resolv'd his life should be severely bought ;
Ten victims fell the objects of his rage,
'Till scarce dare any venture to engage ;
While life remain'd, his courage knew no bounds—
At length life left him, cover'd o'er with wounds.

Thus my first essay of a soldier's life,
And oft-times since, I've bled in battle's strife ;
To-morrow those adventures I'll relate,
But now your bell proclaims the hour is late ;
To-night once more within thy arms I rest,
To-night once more is thy ALONZO blest."

Thus did the youth his warlike tale relate,
While his lov'd wife sat trembling for his fate :
When dangers seem'd to press, her anxious fears
Rush'd to participate, in floods of tears ;
When fortune smil'd, the smile was on her face,
When frown'd, the sorrow occupied its place ;
Scarce could she trust her ears, past objects
seem
To rise like some tumultuary dream :
So when the culprit, for his crimes condemn'd,
Led to the scaffold, waits his awful end ;
All hopes departed of a pardon here,
He looks for mercy to a brighter sphere ;
Awaits the bell that tolls the fatal hour,
Which seals his doom beyond all earthly pow'r ;

And as the last stroke vibrates on his ear,
Should unexpected pardon then appear ;
Long time he rests, unconscious of his state,
Or thinks he 's met the crisis of his fate ;
Thinks that his soul has ta'en her earthly flight,
And all before him, visionary sight.

Scarce had ALONZO clos'd his weary eyes,
When round his house, confused voices rise ;
Some knock the door, some call aloud his name,
And ask if late from MINA's force he came.
The door demolish'd by the ruffian crew,
Some armed miscreants to his bed-side flew ;
Thence dragg'd him forth, exclaim'd, "The traitor's
here,
" His looks convict him, see the villain's fear."

" By Heav'n's 'tis false" ! th' astonish'd soldier cried,
 " I know not fear, in GOD my hopes confide ;
 " But whence come ye, is murder your employ ?
 " If so, begin, commence, here, take, destroy :
 " Behold my infant babes, myself, my wife,
 " Here, suck their blood, spare not a single life :
 " Hence, villains ! lest the fury of my brain
 " Should rise in madness, and your strength dis-
 dain ;
 " Despair may lend fresh sinews to my arm,
 " And Heav'n protect the innocent from harm."

Their chief replied, " 'Tis justice brings us here,
 " The Inquisition calls you to appear." }
 " The Inquisition ! that restor'd again ? }
 " Have all our boasted efforts been in vain ? }
 " What scourges more await unhappy Spain ? "

“ But what my crime ? what charges do you bring ?
“ These three years past, I’ve faithful serv’d my
king ;
“ With MINA serv’d, by him a soldier rear’d,
“ With him I fought, and all his dangers shar’d.”
“ You fought with MINA ?” “ Aye, many a time.”
“ Know then, my soldier, that is all your crime.”
“ My crime ! it was my glory, ’tis my pride,
“ I’ve fought, and conquer’d, by the hero’s side :
“ Great were his deeds, conspicuous his fame,
“ A grateful monarch would revere his name.
“ Then hear, he now in CATALONIA arms ;
“ Rebell’d, he keeps the province in alarms ;
“ Against his monarch he exerts his rage,
“ And dares attempt a civil war to wage ;

“ His lawless band spreads terror through the states,
“ He leads them on against FIGUERA’s gates :
“ As yet he’s foil’d, his efforts have not thriv’n ;
“ We know his partizans, advice is giv’n ;
“ ALONZO’s name stands high among the rest,
“ Candid confession now would serve you best.”

Awhile ALONZO meditating seem’d,

At length he spoke, while all the hero beam’d.

“ MINA in arms, may Heav’n assist his cause !
“ He wages war against tyrannic laws ;

* One of the strongest fortresses of Spain, situated at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains in Catalonia, and commands the southern pass between Spain and France. When Mina took up arms to espouse the cause of liberty and his country, he made an unsuccessful attack against this place.

“ Again his patriotic soul’s on fire,
“ To save his land, or in her fall expire.
“ Rebel you call him ! he’s his country’s friend !
“ He fights the cause of justice to defend.
“ Our country first our services demands,
“ As free-born offsprings of our native lands ;
“ This is the source, the only fount, the spring,
“ Whence, like a stream, may issue forth a king ;
“ Then we admire the current as it flows,
“ Not for the waters, but the fruit it grows.
“ Are we mere slaves, to crouch, and bow, and nod
“ Before a king, and kiss his scourging rod ?
“ Must we his racks and tortures undergo,
“ Nor risk for sacred liberty a blow ?

* In the prisons of the Inquisition, the torture has upon some occasions been used to extort confession.

“ For this my late-drawn sword, my arms were us’d ;
“ Oh dear-bought glory, how thou art abus’d !
“ Go, tell your king, ALONZO’s blood was shed
“ To place that crown once more upon his head :
“ Tell him he owes his fortunes, his success,
“ To those his bigotry would now oppress :
“ Go tell him this, resound it in his ear,
“ Perhaps ’twill draw the penitential tear ;
“ Perhaps ’twill rouse the feelings of remorse,
“ And lead his soul to some exalted course.”
“ Peace, traitor, peace !” they all at once exclaim,
“ Nor dare profane your monarch’s sacred name.
“ Come hither guards ; seize, bind, drag him along ;
“ Your life shall pay the forfeit of your tongue.”
“ You shall not part us,” cried the frantic wife,
“ I will protect him, I will save his life ;

“ I'll hold him thus, and thus my arms shall clasp,
 “ 'Till death alone shall part him from my grasp.”
 “ Off, woman, off; thou hellish bedlamite,
 “ Or else thy corpse may shock thy husband's
 sight.”

So spoke a ruffian, and with savage bound,
 He flung the hapless ALICE to the ground.
 ALONZO's fury could withhold no more—
 He seiz'd the villain, dragg'd him to the door;
 Thence threw him headlong down the stony flight,*
 And fed his vengeance with the bloody sight.
 The guards alarmed, now exert their swords,
 Securely seize, and bind him down with cords:

* The greater part of the houses throughout Spain have stone staircases.

Prostrate before them wretched ALICE suez,

The monsters ev'n a last embrace refuse;

To pray'rs, to cries, to all entreaties proof,

They tore the lost ALONZO from his roof.

Ah ! hapless ALICE, view your orphan pair,

Those helpless twins require a mother's care;

Then yield, oh ! yield not thus unto despair.

With words like these I strove to check her grief,

But vainly strove, it baffled all relief:

Like some fair blossom that receives a blight,

I saw her hourly fading from my sight;

The roses fled her, and the pale wan cheek

Too plainly show'd her heart must shortly break;

Her sever'd brain physician's skill defied,

Ere a week elaps'd she withering died.

She's gone—she's left this transitory state,
And flown to realms beyond the reach of fate ;
In Heav'n, ere long, an angel's form she'll bear,
Safe from the world's tumultuary care :

But, my poor babes, ye helpless now are left,
In infant years, of parents, friends bereft :
I, bent in age, fast hasten tow'rds my grave,
Then who'll protect, who'll stretch their arms to
save ?

To shield your youth no fost'ring hand appears,
No guardian left to watch your early years :
Yes, yes, there is ! a parent yet remains,
That unprotected innocence obtains ;
Thou, Father kind, beneficent to all,
Here at thy throne let aged VAREZ fall ;

Here prostrate supplicate, in pious pray'r,

For these dear babes, thy tutelary care !

Return, my muse, review ALONZO's doom,

Stretch'd in a damp, Inquisitorial tomb ;*

His fetter'd limbs, in heavy irons bound,

With double chains, secure him to the ground ;

There noxious vapors rise, here reptiles crawl,

Here the dark adder clings the earthy wall ;

No ray of sun-shine glads the pris'ner's sight,

Cimmerian darkness makes eternal night.

Yet is this picture mere external show—

The form, the vision, shadow of his woe ;

'Tis in his mind, his brain, the tempests rage ;

'Tis there the furious elements engage ;

* The prisons of the Inquisition are under ground.

Despair, grief, madness, there alternate rise,
There all the pangs a dæmon could devise.
Behold him, ye who strove in freedom's fight ;
Here turn your eyes, here view this wretched sight ;
Behold a mighty monarch's recompence,
To one who fought, who bled in his defence.
Ye friends to Freedom ! gen'rous BRITONS, see
How vain you sought IBERIA'S liberty ;
How vain your efforts to dissolve the chain—
You found us slaves, and slaves we yet remain.
Nature recoils with horror at the sound,
With horror views the yoke in which we're bound ;
She made us free, she gave us souls to feel,
But kings have dar'd her bounties to repeal :
Sure such a blow would rend the firmest rock,
And SPAIN, ere long, must feel the fatal shock ;

The raging wars that devastate the world,
 On her, with double fury, will be hurl'd ;
 The ghastly spectre of intestine hate,
 Will spread disorder through her troubled state
 All mutual confidence for ever fled,
 All virtue, honor, patriotism dead ;
 Then tremble, SPAIN ! for in that luckless hour,
 You fall a prey to some ambitious pow'r.

Twelve days in drear suspense ALONZO spent,
 His mind with doubt, his heart with anguish rent ;
 At length religion came to calm his soul,
 And keep his wayward feelings in control ;
 Resign'd to fate, he waits his latter end,
 And looks to death as some consoling friend.
 The night arrives,* the time is come at last,
 They lead him forth to hear his sentence pass'd :

* The court of the Inquisition is usually held at night.

The dismal hall with sable black is bound,*
 And the faint lamps scarce shed a ray around ;
 My son undaunted view'd the solemn gloom,
 While thus th' Inquisitor announç'd his doom.

“ ALONZO, you, by justice hither brought,
 “ Accus'd of having 'gainst your monarch fought ;
 “ Must now expect the fate allotted those
 “ Who thus presume his power to oppose ;
 “ Such proofs undoubted of your guilt appear,
 “ As no defence, no evidence can clear, ”
 “ This was attain'd ere you were summon'd here;† }

* The hall is hung round with black cloth, and the lamps employed to light it are barely sufficient to make the surrounding objects visible ; in short every thing is devised that can strike the mind of the unfortunate victim with terror.

† At the Inquisitorial trials the accuser and accused

" Ev'n your own consciousness of base designs,
 " Has led you on to more atrocious crimes ;
 " To murder led you, and that impious hand
 " Consigns thy soul to be for ever damn'd :*
 " Such is the judgment, such by Heav'n decreed,
 " No pray'rs can e'er efface the bloody deed.
 " 'Tis thus you're charg'd, your guilt needs no
 reply,

" Your fate is fix'd, to-morrow you must die."

ALONZO calmly heard his doom denounc'd ;
 I too, long time, had all my hopes renounc'd ;

are seldom confronted ; all evidence is first obtained, and the prisoner merely brought forward to hear his sentence.

* It is not unusual for the Inquisitors to pass sentence upon the soul as well as the body.

Yet age is weak, it will give way to grief—
I shed a tear, the tear convey'd relief.
My son, by conscious rectitude upheld,
Could not in silence see his honor fell'd ;
With all the dignity of virtuous pride,
With all his wonted firmness he reply'd.

“ Ye dark Inquisitors,* ere yet I fall,
“ ALONZO’s voice shall thunder through your hall ;
“ ALONZO’s innocence be spoke aloud,
“ ALONZO’s fate re-echo through the crowd :
“ But mark me well ! no mercy I require,
“ To justice only would my soul aspire ;
“ That boon deny’d, all others I forego,
“ All that a king, a kingdom could bestow ;

* The Inquisitors are, like their hall, adorned with black robes.

“ Freedom and justice must go hand in hand,
“ They both are banish’d our devoted land.
“ Spectators hear ! to you I would appeal,
“ To you my suff’rings, innocence reveal :
“ Behold these scars, behold my shatter’d frame—
“ Do these deserve, demand a traitor’s name ?
“ Are these the tokens of rebellious guilt ?
“ Was that the cause in which my blood was spilt ?
“ If yet a spark of freedom burns in SPAIN,
“ ALONZO’s fate may fan th’ expiring flame ;
“ His doom arouse, awake the slumb’ring soul,
“ And patriotism reach the wish’d-for goal :
“ Then mine would be an enviable lot,
“ My name recorded, ne’er to be forgot ;
“ Oh ! with what joy would I embrace my grave,
“ If by my death my country I might save !”

Indignant fury raging in his eye,
The judge once more bespoke him in reply :
“ Presumptuous youth ! seditious to the last,
“ You fain would try to spread the baneful blast ;
“ All present here, bear witness to your crimes,
“ That we'll record, hand down to future times ;
“ You, to convince us of your innocence,
“ Harangue in guilt, on guilt rest your defence :
“ Thy murder own, if not thy treason'd plan.”—
“ I own to nought that makes a slave of man ;
“ What you term murder, I review with joy,
“ That I could yet my weaken'd arm employ ;
“ Could yet maintain my rectitude of soul,
“ And scorn the fetter'd bondage of control :
“ But I have done, I have fulfill'd my task,
“ And now presume one sacred boon to ask :

" Not for myself, my journey's almost o'er,
 " Resign'd I wait a fairer distant shore;
 " Yet I would sue once more to see my wife,
 " Once more embrace her ere I yield my life;
 " 'Twill ease the sorrows of her breaking heart,
 " 'Twill rob the wound of half its venom'd smart;
 " Yes, yes! it must her wayward griefs dispel,
 " Once more to sigh, a long, a last farewell."

Thus my son spoke, but vainly urg'd his suit,
 Compassion touch'd not this long-tutor'd brute;
 He'd graduat'd, serving in a school,
 Where inhumanity is taught by rule.

" Here, holy Father,"* heedlessly he said,
 " This wretch, whose crimes have to the scaffold led,

* See note in succeeding page.

“ Must now partake thy spiritual care,
“ Receive thy blessing, and for death prepare :
“ But on your life, no absolution grant,
“ Unless in penitence he doth recant ;
“ Repenting own the justice of his fate,
“ And yield with hope to purgatory state :
“ This work fulfil, here take thy guilty Son,*
“ Extort confession and thy task is done.
“ The guards will now conduct him to your
cell ;
“ When morning dawns, he bids the world fare-
well.”

* The term Father and Son is reciprocally used between the clergy and laity in Catholic countries.

Our eyes now met, he flew to my embrace,
The tears of pleasure trickled down his face :
" My Father here ! Just Heaven, you are kind ;
" I ask no more, to death I'm now resign'd.
" Yet my poor ALICK could I once more see—
" Ah no ! that bliss is not reserv'd for me :—
" 'Tis well—the scene might break her tender
heart ;
" When next we meet, it is no more to part.
" Here, father, take this ring, my last bequest—
" Tell her it came from her ALONZO's breast ;
" It was her gift, when first my wooing tale
" 'Gan o'er her artless bosom to prevail ;
" It seal'd our loves, I view'd the gem with joy,
" And next my heart I plac'd the precious toy.

“ A tear rests on it—let the tribute stay,

“ 'Tis paid to her—she'll kiss the drop away.

“ Oh ! with what joy I pac'd the toilsome road,

“ That fatal night I reach'd my bless'd abode ;

“ What hopes elated in my bosom rose,

“ Within her arms to terminate my woes :

“ My little offspring growing by my side,

“ Those, those my hopes ! but those has Heav'n
deny'd.

“ May Heav'n protect her, Heav'n her suff'rings
spare !

“ Why have you left her? she must need your care;

“ Why do those tears bedew your aged cheek?

“ My friend, my father, benefactor, speak :

“ My wife, my babes, say father, are they well ?

“ Speak, ease my bosom, this suspense is hell.”

I strove to speak, I press'd him to my breast ;
" Your wife"—I paus'd—my grief declar'd the
rest.

" She's gone !" he cried, " the last, the fatal blow,
All other torments I can undergo ;

" Now my steel'd heart can smile at tortur'd pain,

" Madness, despair, is rising in my brain.

" My ALICE gone ! my children too, are they ?
" They dead, they fall'n to despotism a prey ?

" Confess, declare ! for I can bear it all,

" No stroke can now my harden'd breast appall :

" Oh GOD ! look down, my frenzied passions
quell,

" My impious threats, my horrid gloom dispel ;
" It is thy will those suff'ring fall on me—

" I bow submissive to thy just decree.

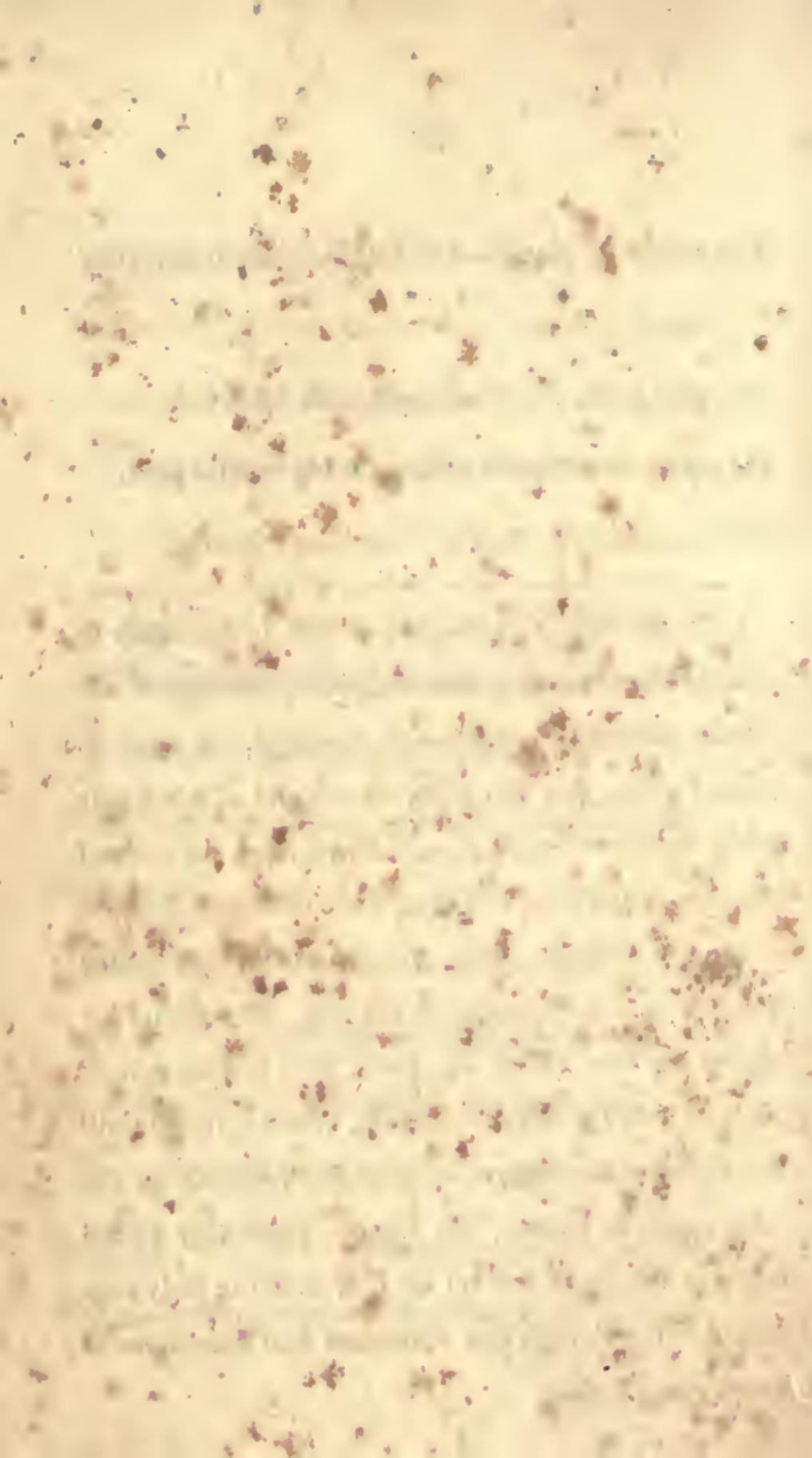
“ Parent, farewell—I can no longer stay—
“ Yon holy Father beckons me away ;
“ Grieve not for me ; my time, my race is run ;
“ 'Tis GOD ordains my doom—GOD's will be
done.”

The morning dawns, the fatal hour draws near,
The dismal bell salutes ALONZO's ear ;
The guards attending, wait without the gate,
The priest appears to lead him to his fate :
The slow procession moves with solemn pace,
And bears the destin'd victim to the place ;
With manly fortitude he mounts the stage—
Now better worlds alone his thoughts engage :
He kneels—awhile he prays, and looks to Heav'n ;
The time arrives—the dreadful signal's given ;

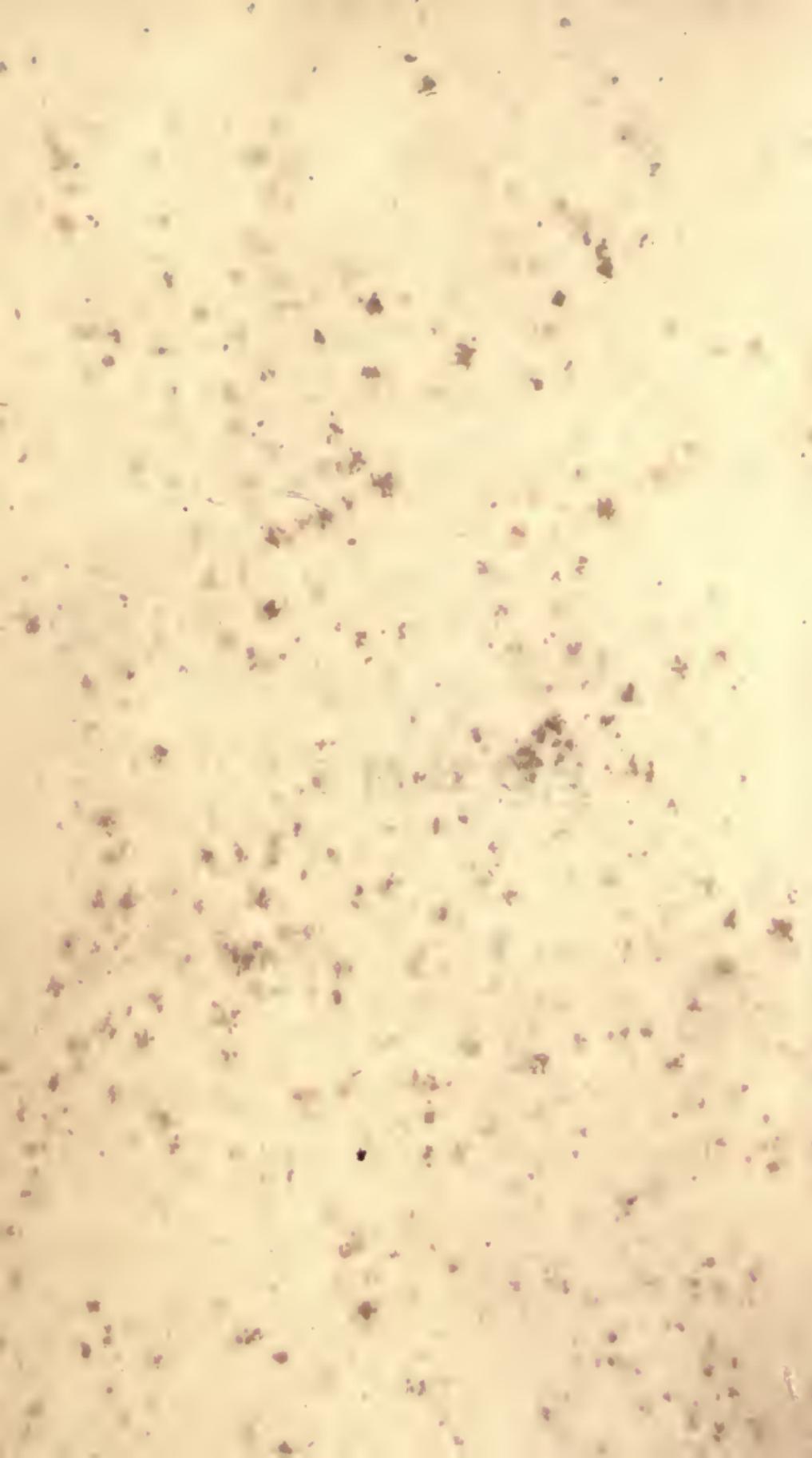
The stick* is plac'd—Oh GOD, they turn, they
turn!—

The pile is lit, the blazing faggots burn!—
He sunk! the flames destroy'd his mortal part,
But unconsum'd remain'd the hero's heart.

* To elucidate this passage, it will be necessary to describe the manner in which capital punishments are usually inflicted in Spain and Portugal. A stage is erected about five feet high, at one end of it is a pole firmly fixed in the ground, round which is a rope joined together in the form of a ring, and sufficiently large to admit the victim's head; the prisoner being seated with his back resting against the pole, the executioner adjusts the rope round his neck, then placing a stick through it at the back of the pole, twists it round until the unfortunate sufferer is strangled; as soon as the vital spark is extinct, the faggots previously placed beneath the stage are set on fire, and the body consumed. The Author has witnessed four executions of this kind at Lisbon.



POEMS.



LINE S,

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG COQUETTE.

MY dear NANNETTE, pray tell me why
To fresh gallants each day you fly,
To seek the marriage state ?
Yet each new beau deceives you more
Than any you have had before,
And leaves you to your fate.

Coquette no more, most charming Maid,

Lest you at length may be betray'd

Into some villain's snares ;

But seek to gain, in humbler life,

A friend who'll take you for his wife,

And end your maiden cares.

Whilst beaus around you daily swarm,

Your beauty may their passions warm,

But not excite their love ;

Yet to deceive your youthful heart,

Perhaps they'll try each baser art,

Perhaps your ruin prove.

How could I see that lovely flow'r

Torn from its native peaceful bow'r,

To sink with cares opprest ?
Or could I see the grief-worn eye,
And hear the sad repenting sigh
Escape that lovely breast ?

Ah no, NANNETTE ! my heart must bear
In all your joys and griefs a share
Of more than common kind ;
Trust then whate'er your fate may be,
Dear Girl, you'll ever find in me
A true and constant friend.

DIALOGUE:

O DARBY O.

WHILE gently gliding down life's vale,

Should Sorrow meet me on the road,

I'd cry, "Begone! thy efforts fail

" A philosophic heart to goad."

Or onward as my way I pace,

Should Grandeur greet me with a smile,

I'd say, " My friend, I easy trace

" Beneath that mask, Deception's wile."

Nor yet could Wealth a power give
To make life's tide with tumult flow ;
Oh ! rather let me ever live,
And die, the same—O DARBY O.

“ But should a lovely Fair entwine
“ That vain, that philosophic mind—
“ How then, my friend, would you incline,
“ Though dead to woe, to grandeur blind ?
“ Pray might you not forget awhile
“ The frigid creed by PLATO taught,
“ And deem a charming Maiden's smile
“ Worth all the deeds the ancients wrought ?

“ Say would you not, with warm embrace,
“ Cry out, ‘O Love ! thy pow’r I know ;
“ ‘ At ev’ry look, I see that face
“ ‘ Has conquer’d poor O DARBY O ? ”

“ Why, yes, perhaps I might indeed
“ One moment stay to welcome Love,
“ And with the charmer’s glances feed
“ The potent flame inspir’d above :

“ Yet still should Reason’s dictates guide
“ The heart not form’d for that alone ;
“ But none ought wholly to deride
“ The pow’r of Beauty’s magic throne ;

“ For poor the wretch that never knew
“ Soft Love, or Friendship in him glow ;
“ O, sure such mortals are but few !
“ Thou art not one—O DARBY O.”

THE
WANDERER'S COMPLAINT.

HARD is the fate of him, by fortune hurl'd,
Unknown, unheeded, on a desert world ;
Whose youth's deny'd the kind parental care,
No friends to cheer him, or his sorrows share ;
No sister's love to twine around his heart,
Smile in his joys, or in his griefs take part :
Alike to him each passing scene appears,
Who numbers sorrows with his numb'ring years ;
Th' autumnal breezes, or the winter's gloom,
The spring's soft beauties, or the summer's bloom,

The fruitful vale, or barren mountain's height,
All, all, are lost unto affliction's sight!—
'Tis thus I stand, and mourn my hapless lot,
By parents, friends, rejected or forgot ;
Like some lone tree, expos'd to ev'ry blast,
Deserted, helpless, on life's wild I'm cast :
My days pass o'er in sad reflection's train,
Which wants embitter, and which woes maintain ;
Nor yet can night afford a kind relief,
For night's the nurse of everlasting grief ;
'Tis then remembrance takes her wanton course,
And fiercely rushes with malignant force.
Oh Nature, Nature ! hadst thou form'd this mind
With blunter feelings, senses less refin'd,
I then might meet my ills with tacit smile,
And let vain pleasure's idle hours beguile :

But what avails this fleeting worldly state ?
Another, better world, defines my fate ;
'Tis there my spirits may at length find rest,
And angels' balms restore my wounded breast ;
I here but travel, and each passing day
Progressive moves me on my troubled way ;
Each hour I hasten tow'rs the wish'd-for goal,
Where smiling peace awaits my languid soul :
Cease then, my cares ! and come, thou fatal friend,
That brings life's journey to one common end :
Ah ! then they'll cease, when with my latest breath
I hail thee, greet thee, welcome thee, O Death !

SONG.

HAIL Tom, since safe we're moor'd on shore,
Why should we think on dangers o'er?
So jovial let us be;
Past danger in a sailor's mind
Is like a squall that's left behind,
Which he no more may see;
Nor puffs, nor squalls, nor gales, my friend,
Can make the sons of NEPTUNE bend,
Or from their duty go!
Let foes presume to plough the Main,
We'll soon become the sons of fame,
E'en make them own us so.

• This, and the following, were originally written for a Comedy, which the Author has since lost.

To us belongs the Ocean's range,

And yet vain Frenchmen think it strange

They cannot have a share ;

Their pride, their boasts, their threats are vain,

One single inch they shant obtain,

While we've a hand to spare.

So let us all with hearts firm bound,

Make BRITAIN'S name for e'er resound

Triumphant o'er the Sea ;

And if by chance the foe appears,

Our guns will whisper in their ears,

‘Avast ! that shall not be.’

MATILDA.

SOFT were the steps of MATILDA at night,

As she silently glided along,

To visit the spot, where once with delight

She gave ear to the nightingale's song :

They're now, now, fled.

Where oft with her WILLIAM she hours had sat,

Often cheerfully gaz'd o'er the scene,

Enliv'ning the time with innocent chat,

As they sportively tripp'd on the green :

He's now, now, dead.

Her hair loosely flew, her eyes wildly roll'd,

Ev'ry gesture betray'd sad despair—

Whilst the funeral bell, which awfully toll'd,

With grief wrung the heart of the fair :

She now, now, sighs.

Now her face turns pale, her eyes gently close;

And entranced she sinks on the ground ;

In death's cold embrace, she meets the repose

That so seldom on earth's to be found :

She now, now, dies.

LINES,
ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

IN vain, CLORINDA, I've invok'd the Nine,
To grant me aid thy virtues to define;
They all decline, indeed they all confess
They know no words that can thy worth express:
Yet I, more daring than the tuneful crew,
Fain would, nay must, the pleasing task pursue;
But how, or where, or which way to begin,
Is, I confess, what I'm most puzzled in:
Were I to flatter, that would never do,
But hard indeed 'twould be to flatter you;

For all the praises I could e'er indite,
Or all an OVID, or a PETRARCH write,
Could not delineate, or even trace
Thy charms, thy worth, thy unaffected grace;
But hold, my pen—lest here you should suppose
I mean to flatter, when I thus disclose
What all must know, what ev'ry heart must feel,
What ev'n thy modesty cannot conceal:
In short, what thou alone seem'st not to know,
For that's the fount from which thy virtues flow,
Or rather glide, like some untroubled stream,
That smoothly passing through the meadow'd green,
And silent stealing o'er the pasture ground,
Diffuses food, and nourishment around.
The sportive lambs play round the flower'd banks,
And bleating seem to offer up their thanks:

'Tis thus, fair Friend, thy virtues mild, serene,
Try to pass on, unnoticed, and unseen;
But as the vi'let hiding from the view,
Is still more sought for, so, alas! are you;
I say, alas! for there my fears portend
That some more favor'd than your humble friend,
May win that heart, to which all hearts must yield,
And pluck the fairest flower of the field.
Ah! could I hope that blessing to obtain!
But reason tells me that such hopes are vain;
What then remains? To bid a last adieu—
Farewell, farewell, to happiness and you!

THE
SEASONS OF LIFE.

IF twenty is the spring of youth,

The May-day of our years;

At thirty sure we may, in truth,

Deem our July appears :

But forty is the cruel blast

October rudely brings,

And all our beauties then are cast,

Like those of former springs :

At sixty winter surely will
Our heads with snow o'er top;
And with December's frozen chill,
We sicken, wither, drop.

DESPAIR.

WHY does Remembrance o'er my busy brain
Retrace the days of wretchedness I've spent,
And sad Reflection, with her sadden'd train,
Cloud the bright prospects that my hopes pre-
sent?

Yet will I court thee, melancholy dream,
For vision likes the mem'ry of the past,
And hourly dwell where all my sorrows teem,
Replete with Fortune's most malignant blast.

Yes, I will think till ev'ry heaving sigh
Bursts from my breast, and mingles with the wind ;
Till ev'ry tear be started from mine eye,
And horror seizes on my troubled mind.

Then, sternest Fate, thy malice may proceed,
Despair will meet thee half way on the road,
And frantic Fury do the fatal deed,
That saves her victim from Misfortune's goad.

ODE TO VIRTUE.

HOW sweet does Nature point the way

To Virtue's peaceful road ;

Yet stubborn man will ever stray

From Heaven's bless'd abode.

The thriving plant, the blooming flow'r,

A sacred lesson gives,

A frost may nip, or ev'n a show'r

Destroy whatever lives.

Just so the state of man on earth—

He blooms but for a day;

And oft in hours of social mirth

Death snatches him away:

Yet heedless of th' immortal soul,

He scorns a future state;

His passions reign without control,

Repentance comes too late.

The sinner on his sick-bed feels,

And thinks he'll err no more;

With pious fervor then he kneels

Forgiveness to implore:

But see the bloom of health restor'd,

And Death no longer nigh ;

He blames the weakness that implor'd

The Pow'r that dwells on high.

'Tis thus unvaried life is spent

In transitory joys ;

On worldly cares, man ever bent,

His worldly time employs.

But pause awhile, and view around

All Nature's boundless course—

Where seas, where skies, and earth are found,

Proceed from Heav'nly source :

Where kings, and kingdoms, mighty rise,

And sink alike to naught ;

Where ev'ry plant that blossoms dies,

With mortal instinct fraught.

Then O ! reflect, how short thy days,

And look beyond life's span,

For just are all th' Almighty's ways

To sublunary man :

The rich, the poor, nay ev'ry state

Alike to dust dissolves,

The same wise Pow'r decrees the fate

Of all that here revolves ;

The brilliant Sun, the paler Moon,

The stars' resplendent light,

Though all kind Heaven's bounteous boon,

Must sink to endless night :

Then will the judgment trumpet sound,

The graves give up their dead,

Once more in chaos Earth is found,

All mortal traces fled :

In dread of never-ending pains

The sinner stands dismay'd,

Where Heav'n's High Judge supremely reigns,

In majesty array'd.

Then what avails thy former state,

Thy grandeur, pomp, or pow'r ?

'Tis virtue only will be great

In this last awful hour ;

For thou, O LORD, know'st no degree

That wealth or rank instil ;

Alike are all on earth to thee,

Who thy decrees fulfil.

Then let mankind maturely weigh

This visionary state ;

For life is fleeting as the day,

And death defines our fate.

But why should death such terror give?

Why cloth'd in dark array?

The body dies—the soul shall live,

When Virtue marks our way.

THE END.







